

EARLY DAYS.

Romantic Incidents of the Settlement of Prairie du Chien, Wis.

The Gallant Defense of Fort Crawford Against the British, in 1814.

Jefferson Davis' Elopement with the Daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor.

How Old Rough-and-Ready Was Cured of His Nose-Tweaking Propensities.

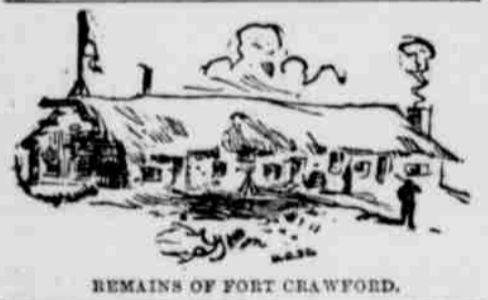
BY GEORGE F. MATHER.

The denial which Jeff Davis made some little time ago of the story of his elopement with the daughter of Gen. Taylor reminds me of an incident in that romantic affair that was told by Hon. Daniel R. Burr, one of the pioneers of the State, not heretofore printed. At the time, Taylor, then a colonel, was stationed as commandant at Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien. Davis was then a young lieutenant at the same post. Mr. Burr had settled on the main road between Fort Crawford and Galena, about midway of the two places, a few years before. As Mr. Burr related the story to me, he had just finished his chores one winter night, and was returning to the house when he heard the sound of bells approaching from the direction of Fort Crawford. He stopped, with his foot on the doorstep, and in a moment out of the woods came a rude



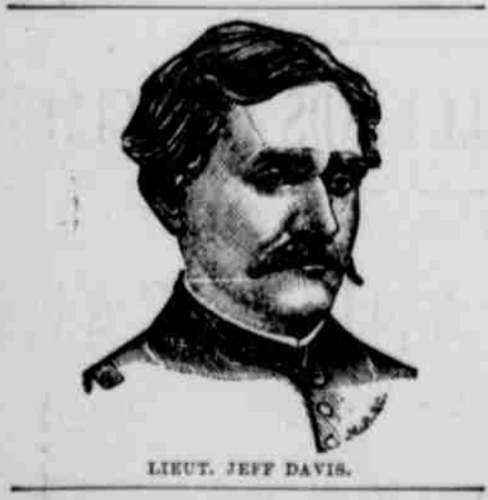
CAPT. THOMAS G. ANDERSON.

sleigh, drawn by one horse, in which were seated a gentleman and lady. They pulled up before the house, and the gentleman in quick, sharp tones, asked if they could stay all night. The lady, smiling in those days as a goddess, and but faint echoes of the world's progress reached the pioneers in the backwoods. From the bearing of the gentlemen, Mr. Burr at once came to the conclusion that they were an army officer. His companion was a young and very pretty girl. Both seemed somewhat nervous and constrained. Contrary to usual custom, they avoided conversation, but to say they were relatives on route to Galena, to any and all leading questions the young officer replied briefly and in a non-committal way. The couple retired early, and were up and off soon after daylight. A few remarks dropped in his hearing, Mr. Burr arrived at the conclusion that if it was not an elopement it was something very like it. He knew there was no army nearer than Fort Crawford, and he assumed the pair came from there. He afterward learned that his surmise was correct, and that the couple were Lieut. Jeff Davis and Miss Taylor, the daughter of old "Rough and Ready." So far as he could learn Col. Taylor was not sufficiently impressed with Davis as to desire him as a son-in-law, and refused his consent to the marriage of the young couple.



REMAINS OF FORT CRAWFORD.

vous over their delay at Mr. Burr's. They were not followed, pursuit having been turned in another direction. This is the story as Mr. Burr related in conversation. Fort Crawford, from which the lovers fled, was at that time one of the most important frontier stations, and was erected soon after the war of 1812 to keep the Indian tribes in check. For many years it marked the frontier line. It is less than forty years since Congress was memorialized to station a company of dragoons there to protect the frontiers. During its time the old fort harbored many an officer who rose to prominence later in the Mexican war or on the bloody battle-fields of the late civil war. Among these, besides Gen. Taylor and Jeff Davis, were Dick Taylor, the late Gen. Hancock, and others in general character. Fort Crawford resembled the present Fort Snelling. It was occupied up to the time of the Mexican war, with the exception of a short time in 1827. During the civil war the old barracks were utilized for hospital purposes. All that now remains of the works is a part of the officers' quarters, that are incorporated in the handsome residence of Gen. John Lawler, and a section of the barracks now used as tenement houses. These are given in the accompanying sketch.



LIEUT. JEFF DAVIS.

and was a commercial center of note long before the revolutionary war. Beneath the somnolent shell of the old town is hidden a history richer than that of any early New England village in story of Indian wars and sieges.

The Frenchman had penetrated there before the French and Indian war, and made the town the headquarters for the North-western fur trade. He had to go his hold in favor of England, which was not slow to

recognize the commercial influence of the point. Although known to but a few, a fort, after Fort Crawford a number of years, was the scene of a memorable siege at the hands of a mixed British and Indian force. When the war of 1812 broke out, Prairie du Chien was held in supreme importance. After the fall of Detroit, the Government recognized the necessity of fortifying this point so as to secure control of the waterways and commerce of the section. Early in 1814 Lieut. Perkins, of the United States army, was sent with three boat-loads of men to erect a fort and garrison with the troops composing the expedi-



COL. ZACH. TAYLOR.

dition. By this diversion it was hoped to hold the Western tribes in check.

This fort was stoutly built, the central log-house barracks being surrounded with stout works of oak palisades, firmly set in the ground and backed by dirt. Two substantial block-houses flanked the works. The armament of the fort was very light. Artillery was concentrated on two gunboats commanded by Capt. Yiegler, which were the first war flotilla known on the Mississippi.

The seizure of so important a point caused quite a commotion, and then the headquarters of the British troops, and before the last palisade was in place an expedition had been organized to reduce the fort. The siege and defense which followed a month or more later was fully as brilliant as those further east, which have passed down into history. The attacking force consisted of eighty British volunteers, under the command of Col. McKay, with a swarm of Indian allies, which had been picked up en route. Fortunately, they were ill supplied with ordnance, their only piece of artillery being a brass three-pounder.

The little garrison came very near being taken by surprise, having heard nothing of the approach of the British force. On the Sunday morning which preceded the siege, the officers of the fort were preparing to take a ride over the plain which extended back to the bluffs. As they were about to mount a hanger-on of the garrison walked into the stockade and coolly remarked that there were "plenty of red cattle down by the river."

That put an end to the ride and picnic which was to have followed.

Instead of toasting forks and punchbowls, muskets and ammunition were the demand. All the inhabitants who could hastened to avail themselves of the protection of the fort. The gates were then closed and the little garrison waited bravely for the attack. As the British force deployed on the broad level plain, it was seen they outnumbered the garrison ten to one. Notwithstanding this great disparity of numbers, Lieut. Perkins and his command, confident of the strength of their defenses, prepared to make a stubborn resistance. The two gunboats were anchored so as to protect the main entrance to the stockade.



THE FORT OF 1813.

The Americans did not have long to wait. A round shot from the brass three-pounder of the besiegers opened the ball and a lively artillery duel followed with but little damage to either side. Finding he could not effect a break in the palisaded wall, and annoyed by the fire from the gunboats, Col. McKay turned his attention mainly to them, meantime making arrangements to carry the fort by assault. Twice everything was ready, but at the last moment the Indians refused to advance, warned by the effective fire of the besieged, and by the fate which befell others of their nation when attempting to carry a fort further east.

The attack on the gunboats was more successful. Two or three balls planted between wind and water led the commander of the fort to up anchor and flee down the river, leaving the garrison to its fate.

Finding himself no nearer success at the end of three days' fight, Col. McKay ordered a lot of red hot shot prepared to fire the barracks and block-houses. About this time the supply of powder ran short in the fort. The ammunition had not all been unloaded from the gunboats when the British force arrived. Hence their flight was a severe blow. Knowing no re-enforcements could reach him, and learning the preparations being made to breach the walls, Lieut. Perkins arranged terms of surrender by which the garrison was allowed to march out with their arms, and proceeded down the river. To the credit of the English officers, these terms of surrender were not violated, as in so many cases. Not only were the Indians held back but a guard accompanied the garrison part way down the river to prevent anything like an ambush. The casualties during this memorable siege were very light. An attempt was made to retake the fort by means of an expedition from St. Louis, but it was attacked and routed on the Rock Island rapids by a force sent from Prairie du Chien under the command of Capt. Duncan Graham, by Capt. L. G. Anderson, then commanding the fort.

In accordance with the terms of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain, Fort McKay, as it had been named, was evacuated by the British in 1815, and Prairie du Chien again passed into the hands of the Americans. On the night after the evacuation of the fort, the British were supposed to have been set by some one left by the retreating forces.

When Fort Crawford was erected the sixties were almost an unknown factor, and of the Bedons of the plains, the Cheyennes, not so much was known as of the inhabitants of the Tonga islands. It was the treacherous Winnebagoes and crafty Sacs and Foxes who made the disagreeable quantity in the problem of a peaceful frontier. The removal of the garrison to Fort Snelling in 1826 gave the former an opportunity, and a massacre of the inhabitants of the flourishing village was arranged. The plan was developed prematurely by a chief named Red Bird and two braves. The murderous trio, early in June, 1827, went to the house of Hon. Jas. Lockwood, and made their way into Mrs. Lockwood's bedroom. The lady, hearing them coming, fled to the store of Capt. Graham, of Rock Island Rapids fame, and was saved by him. Baffled in their first prey, the Indians went further down the river, where they killed two men and scalped an infant, which they left for dead. Strange to relate, the child lived and became the mother of a large family. The news of the massacre soon reached the village and the settlers flew to arms. The Indians retreated and the Winnebago war followed, which was terminated by the dramatic surrender of Red Bird, who gave himself up to Major Whistler. He was brought to Fort Crawford, where he died in confinement. His two accomplices were sentenced to be hung, but were pardoned by President Adams.

When the Blackhawk war closed that noted chieftain was confined at Fort Crawford, where he remained until taken to St. Louis by Lieut. Jeff Davis on his way to the United States authorities at that point. Warned by experience the War Department maintained a garrison at the fort until the commencement of the Mexican war. It was the previous to the breaking out of that struggle that Col. Zachary Taylor was commandant.

"Old Rough and Ready" had earned his nickname before coming to Fort Crawford. Although beneath a rough exterior beat as kindly a heart as ever filled human breast. Taylor was something of a martinet, and a terror to the privates of his command, especially as he was accustomed to fall from grace. Of this class was one unfortunate who was often in the guard-house on duty, which circumstance led, oftentimes, to the full torrent of Col. Taylor's wrath being directed against Private Blank when the exigencies of the case did not seem exactly to warrant it. Among other peculiarities, the conqueror of Buena Vista had a fondness for seizing culprits by the nose and giving them a smack as would leave painful remembrances for hours afterward. One day Col. Taylor happened to have his iron raised by something done by Blank and he came striding down the line uttering numerous words not provided for in the regulations of war. Reaching the trembling private, in tones more vigorous than refined, the outraged commandant asked what Blank meant by such an infraction of discipline—and, without waiting for a reply, reached for the prominent facial projection of the unfortunate soldier. In anticipation of such action, Blank, before parade, had taken the trouble to give his nose a good rubbing with pork rind. His commanding officer's fingers therefore only closed to slip. Another attempt resulted in dismal failure. By this time both officers and men had grasped the situation, and a broad smile spread over the faces of those who happened to be in the rear of the commandant. Colonel, while those in front uttered seismic disturbances that threatened to result seriously. A third time Taylor attempted to execute the favorite maneuver before he recognized the trick. When he did his rage, it is said, was something terrible to witness. Poor Blank was at once conveyed to the guard-house and double-crossed, with a prospect ahead of severe punishment when his superior had evolved something commensurate with the crime. In the meantime, the garrison was in a broad guffaw—when Col. Taylor was



not about—and the story spread over the village.

When his anger had time to cool down, Taylor himself began to appreciate the joke, and it did not need much urging to get his consent to Blank's release. The incident had the good effect, furthermore, of curing the commandant of his nose-tweaking propensities.

At the opening of the war Col. Taylor's command was hurried to the front. The old fort began to go to pieces. Prairie du Chien, too, fell into decay, and is now known only as the place of the pontoon bridge across the Mississippi.

DEADLY STRUGGLE.

Extraordinary Contest Between a Gorilla and a Lion in Central Africa.

The Giant Ape, Challenged by the King of Beasts, Accepts the Def.

The Gorilla Superior as a Slugger and in Science—A Combat Fit for the Caesars.

In the gloomy recesses of the primeval forests still to be found in Central Africa there is a vast unexplored field still stretching before the unmeasured space to the hunter and the naturalist. W. P. Pond, a great traveler, gives the following account of a duel he witnessed in Central Africa between two manly animals, a lion and a gorilla. He was in a bushy country, and he had been told that a gorilla was living in the neighborhood. He went to see the animal, and he found it in a tree, with his back against a tree, the sleeping form of a huge gorilla, his hands hanging down by his sides, his legs crooked in front of him, and his head lazily resting on his shoulder. Some distance from him was the female, apparently busy engaged in gathering nuts, swinging from tree to tree, now disappearing into the surrounding forest, but ever and anon returning to keep watch and ward over the sleeping lord and master. Suddenly I heard a scream of agony from the female, which caused the sleeper to start to his feet, and he did so the female literally fell from a tree on the edge of the clearing down to the ground, uttering the most piercing cries that human ears could hear.

A terrible roar then shook the ground broke upon the silence and told the history of the female gorilla's fright. It was a lion, and at the sound of his voice she again fled into the bush. Not only was the lion's roar heard, but a full-grown lion bounded into the clearing, and stood, his head erect, his mane bristling at the hair on his cat, the personification of brute strength and courage.

As his eyes lighted on the gorilla his tail began to wave to and fro. Wider and wider grew its sweep, until at last it struck its ribs, first one side and then the other, with resounding blows, while upon upon roared the lion, his head lowered, and his mouth open, as if he were about to spring upon the gorilla. The gorilla placed his upper lip upon the ground and bounded into the air fully six feet, alighting on his four hands and bounding up again and again, seemingly for the purpose of carrying the lion to the greatest possible degree. He then rose to his full height on his hinder hands, uttering tremendous roars and beating his breast with his great fist, producing sounds like those made by heavy blows upon a bass drum. Then he dropped upon all-fours again, remaining perfectly motionless, with the exception of his eyebrows, which worked up and down with lightning speed, giving expression of ferocity to his face that is indescribable. Suddenly the lion uttered another ear-splitting roar and bounded forward. A few short steps, a tremendous leap, two or three sharp, short growls, and both combatants were in the air together, the gorilla having leaped high and straight as the lion charged. In mid-air the lion turned and struck, apparently vainly at the gorilla, as the lion fell on his side upon the ground, alighting on him, struck him two terrific blows and bounded away, with a sliding run, to a distance of several yards. I could not see that the gorilla was severely wounded on the head and side, and that the lion had a fearful gash in his side, for surely his ribs could never have withstood those two tremendous blows.

As soon as he regained his feet he charged at the gorilla again and again, but was eluded every time, it being almost impossible to follow the rapid movements in the half-light of the clearing. At last the lion paused, and as he did so the ape dashed at

him, and striking him a stunning blow on the side of the head, completely rolled him over. Again and again the charges were renewed, and at every pause the gorilla returned the charge, and knocked the lion aside. These blows seemed to daze the great cat, and as he rose he more than once staggered and fell, the gorilla meanwhile dancing with a peculiar bobbing movement around and in front of him.

The lion now began to make efforts to draw his adversary within range. At last, stopping in a mad rush, the gorilla struck short, the lion rushed in, turned upon his back, and received the gorilla with tooth and claws. Growls, snarls and roars poured forth from the whirling mass of leaves and dust; limbs and bodies strangely mingled were dimly seen through it, as though twenty beasts instead of two were engaged in one conglomerate death struggle. At last there was a sickening crash, a horrible crunching of bones, a demoniacal yell of pain; faster and faster whirled the mass, then followed a pause, and I saw the lion was uppermost, with the left arm of the gorilla in his powerful jaws; his claws were fixed in the ape's shoulder, and he himself was one mass of gnashes and rents. The right hand of the gorilla was fixed in the lion's side, and both his hinder hands were drawn up and seemingly imbedded in the lion's ribs.

There was a moment's pause as if for breath, and then the gorilla suddenly twisted his head under the lion's throat, the hinder hands straightened out, with a nauseating sound of rending flesh, as with one swift stroke he completely disemboweled the lion. There arose a terrible cry of anguish, a sudden swirl around, several strokes of brown paws and dark, hairy arms through the cloud of dust, and then all was over. The whirlwind leaves settled, and there in a death grip lay the two mighty monarchs of the wild. The lion was utterly disemboweled, his entrails having been seized by the prehensile hinder hands and literally dragged out by the very roots; while the lion by a last dying effort had succeeded in getting his throat freed from the gorilla's teeth, and



with one powerful blow had smashed the ape's head, as a hammer does a hickory nut. Then, dazed and motionless, as there we lay, too, fascinated, enthralled, at the strange spectacle we had just witnessed.

A Queer Traveler.

Once, while keeping a postoffice in a stirring little town in Colorado near the New Mexico line, one day a gentleman came into the office carrying a small package in his hand, which he wished to have registered. Being busy just then, I placed the box on a desk until I had leisure to attend to it. Several times while writing I heard a rustling noise that seemed to proceed from the box, and my curiosity being aroused, I asked the gentleman what it contained. He laughed, and said it was a horned toad—a species that is frequently found there, in that paradise of insects, reptiles, birds, and such things; that his friends in the East were always wanting specimens of things to be found "only in the West," and he had concluded to satisfy their curiosity for once. This species of toad, though quite a curiosity, could not by any means be called "a thing of beauty," although not differing greatly from other toads, yet those little horns projecting from over the eyes give them a most grotesque appearance, and one could imagine the effect it would have on a person opening a box containing one, and who would be expecting to find only some specimens of ore or rocks or some of the different species of cactus found there. We fixed it up as carefully as possible, leaving holes for air in both box and envelope; but whether it reached its destination alive I never knew, as I never saw the gentleman again. But a seven days' ride in a close mail bag would not be very conducive to health, besides being crammed in with all sorts of packages, for Uncle Sam does a regular freighting business, by registered mail, in that part of the world. It seems to me, however, that it would have been better to have kindly deprived it of life before starting it on its long journey.—Exchange.

Bathing and Personal Beauty.

Tepid water is preferable for every season of the year. Milk baths have been in favor from time immemorial with ladies, and nothing is better than a daily hot bath of milk. Mme. Saillen was among the historical women who bathed in milk, to which she added crushed strawberries to give it an agreeable perfume. I have also heard of an old lady of eighty, who retained a girlish complexion like cream and roses by always washing in the juice of crushed strawberries and nothing else. But we can, fortunately, keep our skins healthy and fair without resorting to these extreme measures.

For a full length bath a bag of bran will soften the water and make the skin deliciously smooth and fair; but let me here remark that no bath is perfect in its results without the long and brisk friction of hands or a coarse towel afterward. Friction not only stimulates circulation, but it makes the skin smooth and polished like Parisian marble. It is sometimes astonishing to see the change made in an ugly skin by friction, and any lady who wishes to possess a healthy body, firm to the touch and fair to the eye, with the elasticity of youth well prolonged into age, must give willingly of her strength to the daily task of rubbing the body thoroughly.—Dress.

Eggs of the extinct Great Auk, of which less than 100 are known, now sell for \$500 each.

SENATOR HOAR looks like Horace Greeley.

Aaron Burr's Protege.

John Vanderlyn, who was considered in his day one of the greatest of the world's most famous artists, had a very sad history. He was the son of a village blacksmith, and was born in the year 1776, in the little farming town of Hurley, Ulster County, New York.

While playing about his father's forge a horseman stopped at the smithy to have a shoe reset. As the father hammered at the shoe the owner of the horse noticed the lad sketching, with a piece of charcoal, the outline of a horse and rider upon a barn door across the street. Calling the boy to him, the stranger asked his name.

"He's my boy, and I'm afraid he never will amount to anything," said the father. "He is forever drawing, and he covers everything with his weird pictures."

The boy exhibited some of his work, and the gentleman informed his father that he undoubtedly had been born with great talent, and might become a great artist. The father laughed, and said the boy must learn the blacksmith's trade when old enough.

"Well, my boy," said the gentleman, "if you determine to become an artist and need a friend, come to New York and ask for me. I am Aaron Burr, Vice President of the United States."

Vanderlyn remembered his kind friend several years afterward, when his father was dead. Arriving at New York he sought out Burr, who gladly welcomed the young artist. Burr placed his protegee under instruction.

After years of study in his native land, Burr sent Vanderlyn to Europe. Here Napoleon Bonaparte became his patron, and presented him with a gold medal for his picture called "Marinus Contemplating the Ruins of Carthage."

While in Paris Vanderlyn painted his celebrated panorama, "Napoleon in the Gardens of Versailles," and "The Sleeping Ariadne," which to-day is considered the finest specimen of idealistic painting in existence.

Returning to the United States, Vanderlyn petitioned Congress to allow him to cover the panels of the rotunda in the Capitol at Washington with pictures on historical subjects of American history, but on this being denied him, he returned to France. He spent several years painting portraits for the crowned heads of Europe. Among the gems of art now in the Louvre Art Gallery are his portraits of the beautiful "Josephine Beauharnais, the Creole Empress," and first wife of Napoleon, and "Maria Louise of Austria," his last wife. He also painted the portrait, "Queen Charlotte of Prussia."

Returning again to the United States, Congress allowed him to proceed with the paintings in the rotunda, but before his pictures were completed he died. The work was taken up by Jonathan Trumbull.

Vanderlyn was frequently reduced to poverty through irregular living. During one of the periods when fortune smiled upon him, he built the old rotunda where the New York register's office now stands to exhibit his works of art.

Some of his pictures brought fabulous prices and he made millions of dollars, all of which he squandered. His celebrated panorama of "Napoleon in the Garden of Versailles" is now lying in a garret at Kingston and furnishing food for mice and rats.—New York Press.

Two Miles of Cannon.

The great sight of Gibraltar is the fortifications, which are on an immense scale, as the whole circuit of the rock is seven miles. But not all this requires to be defended, for on the eastern side the cliff is so tremendous that there is no possibility of scaling it. It is fearful to stand on the brow, and look down to where the waves are dashing more than a thousand feet below. The only approach must be by land from the north, or from the sea on the western or southern side. The two latter are defended by a succession of batteries carried along the sea-wall, and up the side of the rock, so that there is not a spot on which an assailant can set his foot which is not under the fire of guns. The northern side is pierced by the great galleries cut in the rock, which are the unique feature of Gibraltar, that distinguishes it above all the other fortresses of the world. These were begun more than a hundred years ago, during the great siege, which lasted nearly four years, when the inhabitants had no rest day or night. After we have passed through one tier, perhaps a mile in length, we mount to a second, which rises above the other like the upper deck of an enormous line-of-battle ship. Enormous indeed it must be, if we can imagine a double-decker a mile long! As we tramped past these endless rows of cannon, it occurred to me that very trying to the nerves of the artilleryman (if he has any nerves), as the concussion against the walls of rock is much greater than if they were fired in the open air, and I asked my guide if he did not dread it? He confessed that he did, but added, like the plucky soldier that he was: "We've got to stand up to it!"

A Child's Dream of a Star.

A Louisville lady was explaining to some children a few of the mysteries of astronomy, telling them how far the stars are away from us and how large they are. Some of them, she said, probably had people living upon them.

"I wish I had lived on a star," said a small boy.

"Why, what do you want to live there for?"

"Well," said he, "I could sit out on one of the points of the star and tilt."—Louisville Post.

Dangers of Cyclones.

"I have a mortal dread of cyclones," "Were you ever in one?" somebody asked.

"No, but I lost my dear aunt in one."

"That is very sad."

"You bet it was tough. She hadn't made her will, and instead of me, another relative got the property. I've never had any use for cyclones since."—Texas Siftings.

THE Seven Years' War in Austria continued from 1755 until 1762.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Notes on the Lesson for June 24—

"The Christian Reason for Total Abstinence."

(From the Chicago Standard.)

The lesson for above date may be found in the first thirteen verses of the eighth chapter of First Corinthians.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

As touching things offered unto idols. Hold, Paul, that is a social legislation; why make gratuitous commitments? Doubtless discretion is needful and silence is often golden. But there comes a time of righteousness upon which silence would be treason. Paul was no man to compromise or truckle. He stood for a new kingdom of righteousness, and he made the bearings of the new principle to come to light in all relations of life. Silent? Non-committal? By no means! Do we not read the successive verses of the centuries in the counter-legislation of the church? Our means of knowing the evil tendencies of the apostolic period is in the prohibitive declarations of the epistles. What is Christianity in its earthward side but a plain and pointed protest against the sin which, in each age, doth so easily beset? Ah, yes, the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ touches on many things pertaining to the world. If Christ had let the world alone, or the Jewish establishment, would they ever have crucified him?

Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.

There is a difference between knowing and loving. Knowledge has reference to personal discernment—the power to discriminate between things inherently right and wrong. Love looks beyond the discrimination, which may be purely selfish, to the neighbor, and applies itself to seeking his good. The Christian who can play a game of cards without compunction, who can engage in the dance with impunity, or can presumably sip the wine, unharmed, has knowledge, perhaps. Certainly such have not love. For, as sure as there is a sun in the heavens, there are others who cannot thus indulge and escape unscathed, and love yields to such. "Look out where you go, papa," said a little one climbing the hill behind its father, "I'm coming after." The parent walked more cautiously after that. If we cared for the weaker children of God as we should, would there be so much of adroit balancing upon the perilous edge of fashion and worldliness? Christianity is something else than a tight-rope walk. It is a lighted pathway of holiness and helpfulness.

But of any man love God the same is known or loved.

It is equivalent to saying that love covers all things. Be sure you love God. He will attend to the knowing and the judging. Let a man fulfill that great command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength," his life adjusting itself to so great a principle, will be bright in the eyes of God and man, such a man will not need the aid of indulgence. The lamp of love in his heart will be to him a perfect light. Such a man will require few exhortations to kindly words. The rebuking of his neighbor will be his own, and he will be left in no doubt as to our attitude regarding the vicious tendencies of the day, whether social or civil.

"Do you suppose," cried some one the other day, asking for a sort of social fate in Christian citizenship, "that Paul would go to the ballot box?" Good friend, that is not the question. Do you suppose that had the apostle to the Gentiles been given an opportunity to vote at a political election, he would have cast a folded ballot or shrewdly declined to go on record? Let us have a care lest the Pauline example we seek to command be taken from that old and venerable, precal incident where a certain Saul of Tarsus was consenting unto the death of a truth-loving Jew, the garments of whose murderers were laid at his feet.

Their conscience being weak is defiled. A quick conscience is the hope of church and nation. A conscience defiled, blunted, weakened, means the decay and dissolution of all things good. Conscience is the past and best is a delicate and sensitive thing. As has recently been remarked, it consists of three parts: (1) moral instinct, (2) moral judgment, (3) moral sensibility. The two latter are capable of education and refinement, either be developed or destroyed. Two obligations are therefore laid upon the Christian, both with reference to himself and to his neighbor. That he endeavor to keep the moral judgment of right and wrong sound, and the moral sensibility for the right and against the wrong strong and healthy. Hence the necessity of worship. As Bishop Kyle has observed, at midday in the life of business the great clock of St. Paul's in London is scarcely noticed, but in the thoughtful quiet of the even the notes catch the ear of millions for miles around, and hence the necessity, too, for water-folies against the very contact with evil. Dr. Dunning in one of his Sunday-school addresses alludes to a certain ship passenger who on deck, in the cabin, everywhere, and at all times kept his hands scrupulously gloved. When asked regarding it he said, "I am a slight-of-hand performer, and I must keep my fingers supple and my hands clean." An interesting story was because of the business he was in. Considering the vocation of the Christian, dare he trifle with his conscience should he even touch the unclean thing?

Shall the weak brother perish? Remember the weak brother in the case. Such a reflection must needs exercise a constant restraint upon individual caprice, a frequent modification of personal judgment for conscience sake; our brother's, if not our own. Take such a question as that of high license. Without doubt there is some alleviation in the remedy proposed. But how far does it reach? It may aid in the country places, but what of the towns, the weak spots in this instance? As some one has said of local option, it possibly saves the village, but sends the city yet faster pouring down a hundred less saloons in a place of one hundred and fifty may be a help to the strong and the well-favored, but it is just as much as ever a multitude of very pertinent applications of this principle in every-day life.

It meat make my brother to offend. That settles it. My brother's interests of more consequence to me than meat or drink. Soul-saving but before palate-tickling. It is not the stringency of law, it is simply the searching of love. What is the theater, the dance, the card-table, the glass of wine or older—yes, we have found it, we have found it to add the latter to the expurgated list—compared with an immortal soul. These are only "while the world lasts," but my brother and I are to live forever. Let us keep us in the love of souls rather than in the love of

Next Lesson, "God's Covenant with Israel." Exodus 24: 1-12.

POLONAISES have long, pointed aprons and narrow, bouffant draped backs, with the skirt and vest of a contrasting fabric. Diagonal fronts are somewhat worn, and fasten over on the left hip with knotted beads or cords or a handsome pendant of pearls or silk balls and cord.

SATIN slippers or old kid ones gilded are fitted up with a tie upon the instep, and hung up on the wall with a ribbon; a single cut flower and leaves or a tiny growing fern fills the tin receptacle.

PRINCESSES and polonaises effects grow in favor and beauty of style.